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TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1918

Adversity is sometimes hard upon
a man; but for one man who can
stand prosperity there are a hundred
that will stand adversity.

—Thomas Carlyle.

A Test at Hand

We are about to witness a more or less decisive
test of the strength of the Germans on the western
front. If they fail in this test we may safely conclude
that they have been hopelessly weakened. It is the
British assault upon Lens. Since a year ago last
spring the Germans were subjected to two such tests.
One was at Lens a year ago last spring and the other
was at Cambrai last fall. The Germans had for months
given way before the assaults of the British in Fland-
ers and the French in Picardy. It was doubtful
whether their retreats were not strategic; whether
they had given up anything they cared to hold.

But when the British came to Lens the world was
to know. There was no spot in all of France so de-
sirable for the allies to gain or so desirable for the
Germans to hold. The great coal fields of that district
were the prize for which they were contending. The
British succeeded in almost surrounding Lens. They
established themselves both northeast and southeast
of it more than half surrounding it. At one time its
fall the following day was predicted. But it remained
in German hands.

In September General Byng drove the Germans
before him to the gates of Cambrai and took a position
northeast of that place. Its fall was regarded as only
a matter of hours. The experts said that its fall would
open the certain way for the reconquest of Belgium.
There would, therefore, be no strategic retirement
from Cambrai. If the Germans should give it up it
would be because by no expenditure of blood could
they hold it. The loss of either Lens or Cambrai would
forecast the loss of all the territory the Germans had
taken in four years west of the Rhine. Though the Hin-
denburg line had been impinged upon and "pierced" or
"broken" at other points according to the dispatches,
the allies themselves were disastrously broken on these
two points.

The British are not far now from the place they
were when the assault upon Lens failed a year ago last
April. As a matter of fact they have never been far
from that place for in the repulse they were pushed
back only a short distance and that part of the line
was hardly affected by the German drive beginning
last March. The British have always been within
about three miles of Lens.

If now Lens can be taken by the allies they can
take anything west of the Rhine and the retirement
of the Germans from France and Belgium can be a
matter of but a few months. It would mean that the
German reserves are so nearly exhausted that the
military leaders have no course before them except to
retire in as orderly a fashion as is possible.

It would mean also that Germany is at the end of
its own resources; that its case is hopeless but for some
accident which it cannot foresee and which the allies
cannot possibly fear. That kind of a hope is akin to
despair.

An Automobile Innovation

Among the advertisements which appeared in this
paper on Sunday morning was one relating to a car of
a popular make which had been offered for sale. There
was a list of the appliances which had been affixed to
this car and with which cars are not ordinarily
equipped. The appliances come under the head of
"extras" and among these extras were "cast iron
cushions."

The proof reader has been interviewed about this
advertisement or about this item of it, and he said
that he first read it with surprise. He asked the copy-
holder for a confirmation of what his eyes seemed to
see and confirmation was given. A closer reference to
the copy left it "cast iron cushions" and nothing else
could be made of it; in fact, the copy was more legible
on that point than advertising copy usually is. Ex-
perience has taught proof readers, the world over, that
they can after advertising copy only at their own peril.

It appears that the proof reader and the copy
holder, notwithstanding it was a busy night suspended
their work, in spite of the profane demands from below
for a return of the accumulated proofs, to discuss this
innovation in automobile accessories. A cushion, they
agreed signifies softness while cast iron possesses a
peculiarly reluctant yielding quality. Here was, there-
fore, a paradox which proved again the progress that
the automobile industry was making in overcoming
the seemingly impossible.

They reasoned in this way: The chief feature of
the automobile in question is its dependability and next
to that, its durability, the latter, in fact, being a nec-
essary element of the former. There are three things
about an automobile which give way before the rest of
the machine is affected, and in the course of the life
of a machine they have to be replaced, sometimes,
frequently. They are the tires, the top and the cush-
ions. Since the war began automobile cushions have
deteriorated as to their lasting qualities. Leather is
not only much more expensive than formerly but it is
much less permanent than it used to be. The seat
cover has reinforced it to some extent and has con-
cealed its defects but seat covers are expensive and
they wear out.

Therefore, it was reasoned by the proof reader
and the copy-holder, that recourse had been had to the
more enduring cast-iron. Surely a cast-iron cushion
would last beyond the life of any car. It would wear
out many carburetors, transmissions, differentials,
drivers and owners. Cast iron would eliminate the

necessity of replacement of one of the hitherto most
fragile features of the automobile.

At the same time, thought the proof reader and
the copy-holder, how about the trousers seats of the
car owners? Would not what might be saved by de-
creased overhead expenses be absorbed by what we
may designate as the underpinning or basement ex-
penses.

But the clothing industry is something not in-
cluded in the worries of the automobile manufacturers.
Let the clothing industry look out for itself to pre-
serve the durability of its products. In fact, the auto-
mobile industry by introducing the cast iron cushion
had given a hint to the clothing industry for the rein-
forcement of its products. Why not cast-iron or, at
least, sheet-iron rear breadths for trousers?

The Insanity Plea

A few days ago in connection with the killing by
Rogers of Auerbach, The Republican indulged in
some comments upon the insanity plea in murder
cases. It was then generally assumed that the killing
was the result of a quarrel between the two men. The
evidence at the inquest pointed only to the maniacal
fury with which the slayer had destroyed his victim.
But that has been a common thing in homicides when
blood lust has been excited. It was also brought out,
though not in the evidence that two relatives of
Rogers had been inmates of insane asylums.

Since then we have learned more of the character
of the man. In fact, the circumstance attending his
suicide a few days later, left little doubt of an unbal-
anced mind. It is said by those who know him best
that he was normally one of the kindest and most
trustworthy of men and that nothing but a complete
overthrow of reason could have impelled him to such
a deed. In the light of all the information that we have
since gathered and in the new circumstances which
have arisen, we believe that. We also believe that if
he had lived, he would have been acquitted of that
crime but would have been condemned to a fate hardly
less terrible than that of conviction. It must, though,
be a great satisfaction to his friends to believe that he
was innocent of the murder of Auerbach.

But returning to the subject of the insanity plea,
his acquittal would have been made more difficult
by the abuse of the insanity plea in the past. That
abuse has not only resulted in the acquittal of men
who should have been convicted, but what is much
worse, it has perhaps lost its force at times when it
should have worked for the acquittal of men who were
really insane.

It has become so now that whenever it is raised,
unless in behalf of known maniacs, it is regarded with
suspicion, so that many a defendant for whom it
should have been a sufficient defense has been left de-
fenseless.

A MARCHING SONG

To the Editor of The Republican:

Sometime ago you requested your readers to at-
tempt a new verse for the National Hymn, America.
Because of that I take the liberty of sending you the
enclosed verses.

I have heard that during the civil war, the Union
soldiers while marching, sang "John Brown's Body"
often than all other songs combined. If that is true
it must have been because it was good marching
music; for the words of "John Brown's Body" were,
like the enclosed verses, only doggerel, and the writer
has noticed that that appeals to the average soldier,
cowboy or sailor in a greater degree than the most
polished poetry or song, if it is set to music easy to
vocalize.

Not having seen that anyone else has attempted to
fit words to this old music that would enable the
American soldiers of today to sing and march to as
their grandfathers did more than a half century ago—
that is, with words having some relation to the reason
for their marching—I have tried to do so and I send
you the result.

Yours,

WILLIAM SPARKS.

The Lusitania's Babes lie
Upon the Ocean floor,
Beneath the rolling billows,
And the Ocean tempest's roar;
Above them sails an Army
Of a million men or more,
Upon their way to Berlin.

Chorus:
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah;
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, as we go marching on.

O Lafayette awaken:
We are here upon your shore,
The Yankee men are marching,
And we'll teach the German Kaiser
Things he should have known before,
As we go marching on.

Chorus:

We will hang the German Kaiser,
And we'll hang him good and high,
We'll hitch him to an Aeroplane
And hang him in the sky;
For the Lusitania's Babes
In a watery grave must lie
But their souls go marching on.

Chorus:

TURK TURNS DOWN
HUN "POISON" COIN

Salih Gourdji.

Salih Gourdji, former president of
the Ottoman official news agency, is
a refugee in this country because he
refused to sell his ideals to the Ger-
man government. He was threaten-
ed with assassination when he turned
down offers to spread Hun propa-
ganda. He fled to this country in
1914.

"The Martial Adventures of
Henry And Me"A Serial by William Allen
White

A Close-up of the Great War by Mr.
White and his Companion, Henry J.
Hunt, Student of Gargantuan Con-
ditions in Battle-Torn Europe.

Tenth Installment

CHAPTER IV (Continued)

That night we slept like logs until
after midnight; then the moon rose,
and the hospital began to come to life.
The stir and murmur of the place
awakened us. And we realized what a
monstrous night we were in a hospital
near the front lines. It means terror.
No one slept after moonrise. It was
a new experience for Henry and me.
So we rose and met it. And we real-
ized that in scores of hospitals all over
the world, on the side of the allies,
similar scenes were enacting. The
Germans were literally tearing the
nerves out of hundreds of nurses by
their raiding campaign—nurses whom
the raiders did not visit, but who were
threatened by every thought night.

Talking Philosophy

It must have been after two in the
morning when we saw the Eager Soul
and the Gilded Youth walking around
the court as they used to pace the deck
together. Once or twice they passed
our window, and we heard their voices.
They were talking some sort of a talk
on philosophical matters, which an-
noyed Henry. The ocean and onion
soup and philosophical theorizing never
seemed reasonable, normal expressions
of anything properly in the cosmos to
Henry; he preferred to believe that
persons who tolerated these things
would sooner or later be caught using
the words "group" and "reaction" and
"hypothesis," and he would have none
of them. But for that she used the
word group and once confessed that
she was a subscriber to The New Re-
public, Henry did like the Eager Soul;
so he waked me up from a doze to
say: "Bill, she's putting him through
the eye of the needle alright. And he's
sliding through it like a greased pig."
I heard him telling her a minute
ago that the war isn't for bound-
aries and geography; but for a re-
statement of human creeds. Then she
said that steam and electricity have
over-capitalized the world; that we are
paying too highly for superintendence
and that the price of superintendence
must come down, and wages must
come up. Then he said that he and
his friends will go and fire burning
oil there—melted like wax. And she
told him that they both had a lot of
stolen goods on them—bodies and
minds, and hearts cultivated at the ex-
pense of their fellow creatures whose
lives had been and that theirs
might be broadened. And you should
have heard her talk about that Young
Doctor—a self-made man, who had
earned his way through college and
medical school, and made his own
place professionally. She said, "Bill,
the Herald of the New Day, 'Bill,'
signed Henry, 'what would you give
if you could talk like that—again?'"
But from me, drowsily, came this:
"Henry—do you suppose she will get
any sleep that sleeping tonight, she
promised him on the boat? That would
be worth staying up to see!"

Talked Him Out of Love

"She'll never slap him. He'll never
need it. She's talked him clear out
of the mood."
"Yes, she has—yes, she has," came
from me. And Henry insisted:
"She may have to slap the Doctor;
but she has steered this boy out of the
danger zone into the open sea of
friendship."

"Oh, yes, she has; oh, yes, she has,"
came the echo from the other bed; and
Henry subsided.
But the buzzing about the hospital
would not let us sleep. At three
o'clock evidently they were serving
tea to the nurses, or lunch of some
kind. The moon was shining straight
down into the court; the Gilded Youth
and the Eager Soul had gone in, and
another couple, a stenographer and a
hospital orderly were using it as a
parlor.

"Queer, queer business, this love-
making under the rustle of the wings
of death," said Henry. A French
plane flying across had filled the com-
pound for a moment. But everyone
soon recognized its peculiar lunge. Then
for a few seconds from afar came the
low ominous hum of the German
planes. But they circled away from us.
Perhaps the French drove them back.
However, it was the excitement in the
court that caused Henry's remark. For
the young people did not deflect their
monotonous course about the com-
pound, when the sky-gazers had re-
turned indoors. Around and around
they went, talking, talking, talking,
with the low insistent murmur of deep-
ly interested people. Their nerves
were taut; emotion was raw; they
were young and their blood moved ro-
matically. And there was the moon,
the moon that, since man could turn his
face upward, had been the symbol of
the thing called love. And now all
over that long line slashed across the
face of Europe, the moon is the herald
of death. Men see it rise in terror,
for they know that the season of the
moon is the season of slaughter. Yet
there they walked in the hospital yard,
two unknown lovers, who were true
to the moon.

Henry's next remark was: "Bill,
fancy when you were young making
your courting out there where a shell
is liable to wipe you out any second.
We at least had the advantage of elm
trees to protect us from the shafts of
death."

"Do you suppose, Henry," answered
his friend, "that they miss the drip
of ears, the shade of the overhanging
willows, the suggestive whisper of
waters frisking over the ripples at the
ford? How can they make love in
such a place?"

"Gold is Where You Find It,"
"Gold," replied Henry, quoting from
Solomon, who was wise, "is where you
find it." Then we heard the insis-
tence of the lover's babble drawing near
us again. As they turned a corner,
Henry heaved a sigh at the perversity
of youth in the flaunting neglect of
sleep and death, which ever are vital
to middle years. We both looked out
to the white courtyard, heard the snarl
of another plane, obviously French,
but still disconcerting saw the slow
pass of the lovers, unaffected by
the approaching growl of the plane,
and it came to me to quote one wiser
even than Solomon: "Oh death, where
is thy sting?"

We took but a cat-nap that night,
and in the morning saw down the scene
on our love affair. The record indi-
cates that during the day Henry had
lost; during the night he had won. He
put it down in his black book against
the time when we should go to Paris.
Where money would buy things. For
we ate at camps, slept in hospitals or
in barns or in mess rooms of the am-
bulance men, and day by day and night
after night we saw much misery and
were acquainted with grief. There
were so many kinds of hospitals in
France! The great streams of broken
men that flow ceaselessly down from
the front are divided as they reach the
base hospitals and field hospitals into
scores of smaller currents, each flow-
ing to a separate place, where special

ists treat the various cases. The blind
go one way; those dumb with shell-
shock go another; jaw cases separate
from men with scalp wounds, and hip
fractures are divided from shoulder
fractures as the sheep from the goats.
Traveling about among the hospitals
one picks up curious unrelated and
unexplained bits of information; as,
for instance, that the British Tommy
is the most patient man in Europe
under pain. He likes to distinguish
between himself and his wound and
is likely to reply to the doctor any time
morning: "Me? Oh, I'm right at the
top form, sir, but my leg is bothering
me a bit, sir!" The Canadian isn't
so game under a roof as he is under
the open sky and in the charge. And
the American grunts more than he
should. But he is a queer thing. The
French tubercular soldier is despondent.
With Americans, tuberculosis
breeds hope. Perhaps it is the buoy-
ancy of the young blood of our army;
but no American feels he is ever going
to die with tuberculosis. He feels he is
hit hard; that it may take six months
or a year to get on his feet; after that
—he goes on dreaming his dream. But
the tubercular French soldier is the
saddest looking man in Europe.

Better Than Bacteria

Back in Kansas last spring we had
heard a story to the effect that the
Germans were inoculating the French
and Belgians behind the lines of the
allies with tuberculosis. A doctor, we
asked French and American and British
doctors about that story, and they
all answered that there was nothing to
it. The doctors told us that the Ger-
mans have a cheaper and better way to
fill France with tuberculosis than by
wasting serum on their enemies. And
then one day in a tuberculosis hos-
pital we picked up this story, which
explained what the doctors meant.
We met a young man from Lille. It
was his birthday. Henry bought him
a bouquet. He told us his story: He
said:

"Three years ago when the war broke
out I was 19 years old and was living
in Lille with my parents. I
worked fourteen hours a day, slept on
straw outside the works in a shed, had
only the clothes they took me in and
had only bran to eat!"
"Only bran?" we asked, doubting it.
"Only bran," the interpreter re-
peated, and from half a dozen cots
near by, where others who had suf-
fered as he had, heard our question,
came the echo in confirmation, "Only
bran to eat!" He soon caught cold,
and soon the "cold" became tuber-
culosis, and after three years of this
his sick days exceeded his work days,
and in due course he and five hundred
others were assembled, put on a train
and shipped out of Germany through
Switzerland to Evian in France. There
hundred thousand of these poor husks,
men, women and children, have been
dumped into France in the last seven
months. Two trainloads of them ar-
rive at Evian every day. The men
and women, mostly tubercular, do not
tarry. They push on into France, a
deadly white stream.

(Continued Tomorrow)

AMUSEMENTS

**SMASHING PICTURE
LAMARA OFFERING**

New York passed judgment on "Hit
The Trail Holiday" when it came out
in stage form, and the book was one
of the best read in the past year and
now comes George M. Cohan, and he
has not equal in his quaint way, and
gives a version of the famous bar-
tender with high ideals until one is led
to believe that "Hit The Trail Holiday"
is just about the biggest and best bet
that Artcraft has passed along to the
exhibitor this year.

The story is too well known to need
much mention save that George M.
Cohan plays the part of the reformed
bartender who helps to win a wet and
dry election for the drys and also wins
a fine girl with the dry victory.

A regular patron returning from a
vacation trip to the coast said to the
manager of the Lamara recently: "I
consider 'Hit The Trail Holiday' which
I saw in a Los Angeles million dollar
theater, to be the best picture enter-
tainment I ever sat through regardless
of all claims to the contrary."

It is a combination of romance, love,
snappy dialogue via the Cohanesque
route and among the cleverest sub-
tleties ever seen in a picture. It re-
mains for three days and is added to
by a Burton Holmes travelogue.

Last Day of Farnum at Hip
William Farnum in a clean, finely
played and splendidly cast picture,
"True Blue," is to be seen for the final
times this day at the Hip where it has
done two remarkable days business be-
cause of the splendid value of the story
and its telling.

"True Blue" is a western story de-
void of the usual gun play—western,
but filled with plenty of red-blooded
action, and Farnum never had a part
that gave him more opportunity, with
the possible exception of "The Spoil-
ers."

His big fight in the Chicago cafe
where he goes garbed in his best ranch
clothes to mingle with the "rum
hounds" and "cafe lizards" lends con-
trast to this scene that is charm itself.
With Farnum today will be seen a
corking good news weekly of current
events.

Tomorrow, Viola Dana returns in a
"smart modern picture," "The Flower
of the Desert."

TOC LATE TO CLASSIFY

SALESMEN

I want several high-grade men who
have reached mature years and who
have the appearance and personality
which will gain access for them to in-
terview bankers and prominent busi-
ness men. These men will call on inde-
veloped leads to offer an investment
which is recommended by the govern-
ment. Men who meet my requirements
will earn \$1,000 per month. Address
309 Republican office.

Harry Cresswell

Washington Street

GARAGE

Washington Street and Eighth Avenue

Full line of **FEDERAL TIRES AND TUBES,**
Accessories and Repairs

Everything for the Ford

Dusk," said to be one of her prettiest
offerings this year.

Varied Program at Columbia

Another fine program, including
Douglas Fairbanks in "American Aris-
tocracy," and Toto in "The Junk Man,"
to say nothing of a Ford Pictorial
Weekly, comes to the Columbia thea-
ter today for a two-day stay.

"American Aristocracy," is a novel
drama with plenty of comedy to add
zest to its thrills and the leading char-
acter, Cassius Lee, is played with the
customary Fairbanks pep and zeal.

Fairbanks takes the part of an ad-
venturous young scion of an aristoc-
ratic family who quits the conven-
tional life of the leisure class to seek
the excitement that he craves as an
amateur entomologist, or, in more com-
mon phrase, "bug hunter." While pur-
suing the migratory caterpillar along
a country road, he is overtaken by a
beautiful maid in an automobile who
jumps out and kisses him. And there-
by, "hangs the tale."

This play is perhaps the first film
production ever made that can boast
of a staff of supernumeraries whose
aggregate wealth totaled several hun-
dred millions of dollars. When the
production was being filmed near New-
port over 200 of the richest members
of the famous colony gave their serv-

ices in the crowd scenes. As actors,
they were a huge success supplying the
necessary "atmosphere" in the most
highly realistic manner.

The Toto comedy, "The Junk Man,"
is on a par with other Toto films that
have been shown at the Columbia dur-
ing the past few weeks. The Ford
Weekly contains many interesting
views from various sections of the
United States.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
Fannie Ward in the "Yellow Ticket"
will be shown at the Columbia.

TO THE MANY FRIENDS

Who through their kind words and
acts, during my father's illness, made
life more enduring, I wish to extend
my sincerest thanks. May God bless
you all.

Respectfully yours,
SENATOR W. D. WHITPLE.

J. R. BRADSHAW

Candidate for member of Board of
Supervisors.
If I have given a satisfactory and
economic administration I solicit
your support, if not vote for the man
that will.



The Finest
Coffee in
the World
and only

35c

a pound.

Buy it in the five pound can at this
price.

40c per pound in one pound cans.

We recommend M.J.B. Coffee for
its superior flavor and strength.You take no chance when you buy
M.J.B. Coffee.It goes further. It is the most
economical coffee you can buy.

Featured and Guaranteed By Us

Arizona Grocery Co.
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Our Government Makes Another Call

You have been called on by the Government
from time to time—and will be in the future
—to submit reports of different kinds to be
used for taxation purposes. It is very evi-
dent that your accounts should be classified
in a way to make all this information avail-
able without the bother of digging through
a lot of details that cloud the issue.

The report to be filed now is the Capital
Stock Tax report. Every corporation is re-
quired to file a report with the government
showing the fair value of its Capital Stock,
before September 30, 1918. There are sev-
eral methods allowed by the Treasury De-
partment in computing this fair value, any
one of which is often made complex by vari-
ous causes.

Our organization has made a study of the
Capital Stock Tax and the Treasury Deci-
sions, guided by opinions of able authorities
on the subject, and would be pleased to con-
fer with you

C. P. LEE

Auditor and Public Accountant

318 National Bank of Arizona Bldg.

C. P. LEE

E. T. GARRETT